

# Good Morning 409

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon's Stage, Screen, Studio

SKY - ROCKETED to fame overnight, tall, slim Lena Horne, of the dazzling smile and smoky songs, is just a little perplexed at her sudden rise to world-wide popularity.

Although she has always made her living as a singer and dancer, Lena never took a lesson in either field, and, like so many other good performers, went unnoticed for years until Lady Luck decided to cast her whimsical smile on the young songstress.

To-day, fresh from her triumphs in New York and Hollywood's leading cabarets, the girl from Brooklyn blossoms out in one of the top roles alongside Bill Robinson and Cab Calloway in 20th Century-Fox's "Stormy Weather."

Lena, born in Brooklyn, moved frequently with her family, and attended schools in both Georgia and Florida.

Hardly had she received her diploma than she made a bee-line for the famous Cotton Club. Here she achieved her first stage break when she became one of the girls of the chorus line.

Aside from dancing, Lena has a voice—smoky, mellow and sweet. She can put over a torch song or a popular tune with the best of them, as she proves in "Stormy Weather."

Always ambitious, Lena soon decided that "hoofing" was all right, but that chorus girls seldom became famous.

An audition with Noble Sissle's band, and Lena was a vocalist with that famed group. Then came "Blackbirds of 1939," a smash success, but Lena was still an unknown to the top brackets of show business.

However, a solid smash year at New York's famed night spot, "Cafe Society Downtown," and Lena was on her way to Hollywood with a singing contract at the Little Troc night club. From here it was only a small step to the films—and a long-term contract.



Luscious Lena Horne

ALMA-ATA is the capital of the Kazakh Soviet Republic, a country that lies between the lower regions of the Volga and the Caspian Sea in the west, and the Tianshan and Altai mountains in the east. It is the biggest of the Central Asiatic Soviet Republics, occupying a territory equal to

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

NOT far from the city is a mountainous district, where snow scenes can be shot even in midsummer. There are flat open plains, undulating country abounding in rivers and lakes, huge forests, and fine parks and gardens. The studios are equipped with the best of everything the world can produce for the film industry.

The Alma-Ata studios, officially known as the Central United Film Studios, have also undertaken the creation of a Kazakh national film industry, to produce native subjects in the Kazakh language, played by Kazakh actors, and filmed and directed by Kazakh personnel.

Russian and Ukrainian actors have taken groups under their wing and are giving them a thorough screen training.

Daniel Quare has just been through it with the "Keeler Polygraph" and he says:

# "YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH YOUR STEP"

YOU have to strip to the waist. Bands are clamped around your upper right arm, your left wrist, and a sort of harness is adjusted around the upper chest.

From these bands, black, snakelike cables trail off to the apparatus behind a screen. As you are being vetted by the lie machine you cannot tell what the dials are revealing.

The quaint apparatus takes about 80 seconds to warm up, and then an electric motor is switched on to drive a drum and paper recorder on which four inked arms trace lines. Even if you could see the pens working you would not be able to decipher their meaning; but, to avoid a subject being excited by seeing the pens jumping wildly about over the paper—even though that one motion alone may not indicate a lie—the recording part of the apparatus is screened off.

I WAS strapped up, the radio-type amplifier was switched on, and when the valves had warmed up the doctor operating the Keeler polygraph switched off all the lights in the room except one small one over the recording dials, and half-pulled the black-out curtains. Then he started firing the questions.

It might have been a form-filling for an insurance policy "medical." The routine stuff came first.

Full name . . . date of birth . . . age to nearest birthday . . . parents' names . . . father's profession . . . are they both living?

This seemed too easy. The temptation to slip in a little test untruth was great, so I said that only my mother was living.

Then began a long series of questions about my job. I had no intention of telling a deliberate lie, but I wanted to test the machine. I said that I had been apprenticed to an engineering firm, though, as a matter of fact, my knowledge of engineering is almost nil.

"You were apprenticed?" asked the doctor. "When did you complete your indentures? . . . How much pocket-money did your father allow you during those years? . . . Has he helped you since you've been established in business?"

Unthinking, I replied that he had, and mentioned recent help.

"I thought you said he was dead," said the doctor, but without any implied comment in his voice. He passed rapidly on to the next question, but for the first time I realised that I had been caught out in a simple conversational lie.

"What is your wife's birthday?" he suddenly queried. "I wasn't sure. October 22, I thought, and tried to bluff it out."

"Are you sure?" he asked. I wasn't sure, but, being committed to the statement, felt bound to support it.

"Now we'll try some cards," the doctor said, and a pretty nurse handed me a pack of playing cards, which the doctor asked me to cut. I stretched my bandaged, clamped arms forward, shuffled the cards, then cut.

"Now I'll cut," said the doctor, "and I'll show you the result without looking at the cards myself. Right?"

Then he turned up the lights, unstrapped the harness, and withdrew the paper strip from the recording drum.

"Hmm . . . you're an easy subject."

"What can you tell?" I asked eagerly.

"You are shy about your middle name—well, I could have detected that, anyway, from your hesitation in replying. Of course, you lied about your father. Were you trying to see if the apparatus worked, or is there some private family trouble? . . . No, no, don't tell me; I could always switch on the polygraph if I wanted to know!"

You lied about engineering, too, but it wasn't a very good lie. I deduce that you took this line just to test the recorder? The cards? I could detect that you had the higher cut by your excitement when you saw my hand.

to magnet coils in the output. The paper drum rotates at a rate which allows for the time-lag of certain physical features, such as the delay in the sweat-recording pen.

Although the polygraph has been used as a lie-detector in some 60,000 law cases in America, it is doubtful if its unsupported testimony would be accepted as evidence in an English court of law.

But a murderer has been traced by "grilling" a number of suspects and facing them with photographs of the room in which the murder was committed.

Only one of the suspects showed any reaction. When he was cross-questioned he broke down and confessed to complicity with another man who had a perfect alibi—until he was put through the polygraph test!

The Board of a large chain-store paid Keeler to test a batch of their counter-hands with the machine. It was a voluntary test, and the girls could have refused. Yet the tests showed that 43 per cent. of them had been guilty of petty thefts from stock or the till. Three months later another test was held—again voluntary.

All the girls agreed to be tested, and only three per cent. were found to be even in the "doubtful" category. This meant that 97 per cent. could not stand the strain of being humiliated and were anxious to prove their innocence on the lie-detector.

My experience shows that the machine works, though it may not be infallible. It is not an apparatus for a police station, but for a doctor's surgery—and he shouldn't have a pretty nurse in attendance, or the readings may be misleading!

## ALL AROUND OUR HOME TOWNS

### "CLEAN-UP" WANTED.

FIFTY earnest people, representative of the civic, industrial, religious, commercial and trade union life, are to form the nucleus of an organisation which is to "clean up" the ancient town of Gainsborough (Lincs).

They have decided to form a Town Improvement Society, with the following immediate objects: Cleaner streets, more flowers and trees, fewer straying dogs, removal of eyesores, tidier sites after slums have been removed.

Cleaner streets, they say, can be achieved by an educative campaign; more gifts of flowers can be solicited to decorate the town; schools should be encouraged to plant trees in the streets; people should be educated not to allow their dogs out except on a lead; gable ends of demolished property should be tidied up; bricks and rubble should be removed from bombed sites and grass sown; more seats should be placed about the town.

"This Town Improvement Society is unique," said Rev. E. T. Putin, who is responsible for its formation. "We mean business in the matter of cleaning up the old town, for nobody seems to have taken any interest in the eyesores which have been left over a number of years."

### TWINS "SALUTED" TOO SOON.

BIRTH of twins—a boy and a girl—to Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, of Palm Road, Oxford, Southampton, on the eve of Southampton's "Salute the Soldier" Week, were both a joy and a disappointment to their proud parents.

The Mayor of Southampton, Councillor Rex Stranger, had

offered a gift of £10 in savings certificates to the mother of twins born in the town during "Salute" Week.

But Veronica and Terence—as the newcomers were named—arrived an hour or so before "zero hour," and thus failed to qualify for the Mayoral tenner."

But when Mayor Stranger learnt of the birth of the twins he sportingly sent along £10 worth of certificates to Mrs. Gardiner.

### MISSING MYSTERY.

IT became a common occurrence in West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, for the milk supply to be short when housewives collected it from their doors. Some received supplies in milk jugs, over which a plate or saucer had been placed to keep out the dust. Quite often the plate was found by the side of the jug, with some of the milk missing. In other cases the cardboard discs from milk bottles had either been pushed in or taken out, and a small quantity of milk stolen.

The mystery was solved when a workman saw a dog taking a drink from a milk bottle. He watched it go to another house, where a milk jug rested on the rest. Taking the plate in its teeth and removing it to one side, he then settled down to a drink, until he could reach no further.

Then on to another house, where he pushed the cardboard disc of a bottle in with his tongue, then took a swig of the cream lying on top of the milk. Well . . . doggone it!

# Two Years before the Mast

By  
R. H. Dana

THE fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig *Pilgrim*, on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America.

As she was to get under way early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea-rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes which had obliged me to give up my pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparations for sea, reeling studding-sail gear, crossing royal-yards putting on chafing gear, and taking on board our powder.

On the following night I stood my first watch.

So great were my ideas of the importance of my trust, that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the longboat for a nap.

The next morning was Saturday, and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, and began beating down the bay.

My watch began at eleven o'clock at night. About midnight the wind became fair, and, having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands.

How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true boatswain call of "A-a-all ha-a-a-nds, up anchor, a-ho-oy!"

In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor.

I could take but little part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange

cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered.

At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, and in a few minutes we were under way.

The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night-breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. I, being in the starboard or second mate's watch, had the opportunity of keeping the first watch at sea.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"You're askin' for trouble, chum! There's a rung missin' from your ladder!"

—, a young man making, like myself, his first voyage, was in the same watch, and as he was the son of a professional man, we found that we had many friends and topics in common.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock.

I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage, in which I lived, was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in.

A large hawser had been coiled away upon my chest; my hats, boots, mattress, and blankets had all fetched away and gone over to leeward, and were jammed and broken under the boxes and coils of rigging.

To crown all, I was just beginning to feel strong symptoms

of sea-sickness, and that listlessness and inactivity which accompany it.

In a few minutes the slide of the hatch was thrown back, which let down the noise and tumult of the deck still louder, the loud cry of "All hands, ahoy," Tumble up here and take in sail," saluted our ears, and the hatch was quickly shut again.

When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience was before me.

The little brig was close-hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy head-sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge-hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through.

The topsail-halyards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder; the wind was whistling through the rigging; loose ropes flying about; loud, and, to me, unintelligible orders constantly given, and rapidly executed; and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains.

In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember

having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard.

Having called up the "idle," namely carpenter, cook, steward, etc., and rigged the pump, we commenced washing down the decks. This operation, which is performed every morning at sea, takes nearly two hours; and I had hardly strength enough to get through it.

The officer, seeing my lazy posture, ordered me to slush the mainmast, from the royal-mast-head down.

The vessel was then rolling a little, and I had taken no sustenance for three days, so that I felt tempted to tell him that I had rather wait till after breakfast; but I knew that if I showed any sign of want of spirit or of backwardness, I should be ruined at once. So I took my bucket of grease and climbed up to the royal-mast-head.

Here the rocking of the vessel, which increases the higher you go from the foot of the mast, which is the fulcrum of the lever, and the smell of the grease, upset my stomach again, and I was not a little rejoiced when I got upon the comparative *terra firma* of the deck.

I cannot describe the change which half a pound of cold salt beef at breakfast and a biscuit or two produced in me. I was a new being.

About six bells we saw a sail on our larboard bow. I was very anxious, like every new sailor, to speak her. She came down to us, backed her main-topsail, and the two vessels stood "head on," bowing and curving at each



After the judging for the prettiest ankles (ladies) at the hospital fete came an inspection of the knottiest knees (gentlemen), and here you see the judge feeling the knobs. First prize for the two events went to husband and wife, and there ought to be something funny about that, only we can't think what.

## JANE



## WANGLING WORDS—348

1. Put a drink in CBLE and make it go to pieces.  
2. In the following song-title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Voyue buys a nam dha titell ayd.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change TOSS into BALL and then back again into TOSS, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the two hidden dishes in: Warmi the pot at once and give him his tea, Kate.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 347

- GRASShopper.
- Mighty Like a Rose.
- CAME, care, card, ward, wart, want, WENT, cent, cant, cane, CAME.
- Ra-is-in, Sult-a-na.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.
1 Go quickly.
6 Marsh plants.
10 Dominions.
12 Large amount.
13 First-class.
14 Time before.
15 Kiln.
16 Sailing ship worker.
18 Colour.
19 Disparage.
20 Debt document.
21 Travel.
22 Doctrine.
24 Sloping edge.
28 Boy's name.
30 Air.
32 Wool extract.
34 Hiatus.
35 Layers.
36 Wrath.
37 Resounding blow.
38 Trimmed with braid.

LAPP SPARED
IRRADIATE R
SCOW PRO MA
TAPER ALBUM
D DAWDLER
TIP TOE LAD
RAISIN POLO
ANGLO GIN V
MS ENTANGLE
D BESOM EAR
SKEP WEEDY

## CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Lift. 3 Baggage. 4 Turn. 5 Outfit. 6 Souvenir.
- 7 Lamant. 8 Bird. 9 Unvarying. 11 Exceptional.
- 13 Warm. 17 Liquid food. 19 Give title. 23 Sweeping cut. 25 Give forth. 26 Corrupt. 27 Science of reasoning. 29 Cereal. 31 Venture. 33 Go too slow.

other like a couple of war-horses reined in by their riders.

She plunged her head into the sea, and then, her stern settling gradually down, her huge bows rose up, showing the bright copper, and her stern and breast-hooks dripping with the brine. She was the ship *La Carolina*, from Havre, for New York.

with her if she had proved to be what we feared.

Fortunately there was no moon, and the night which followed was exceedingly dark, so that, by putting out all the lights on board and altering our course four points, we hoped to get out of her reach.

At daybreak there was no sign of anything in the horizon, and we kept the vessel off to her course.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today



1. Levin is a kind of yeast, Jewish money - bag, road-maker's tool, flash of lightning, Eastern weight?

2. Who wrote (a) A Midsummer Night's Dream, (b) The Dream?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gonzola, Brie, Parmesan, Cheddar, Gruyere, Camembert.

4. If an Irish girl offered you a kish, what would you expect?

5. What chemical element conducts electricity better in the light than in darkness?

6. How many pieces are used in the game of mahjong?

7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Omnifarious, Omniferous, Omnivorous, Ominous, Omniform.

8. Who was Heavyweight Boxing Champion in 1933?

9. What is the largest river in Australia?

10. What village is said to be in the exact centre of England?

11. Pick out the spelling mistake in: The incredible complexity of the lock prevented me from affecting an entrance.

12. Name six European cities beginning with L.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 407

- Eskimo's fur jacket.
- (a) Walter Besant, (b) Thomas Carlyle.
- Bodmin is in Cornwall; others are in Warwickshire.
4. Egbert of Wessex.
5. 80; the Dutch East Indies.
6. A day set apart in the U.S.A. for planting trees.
7. Ruffian, Rosette.
8. Shoulder-blade.
9. Gracie Fields.
10. One cent.
11. Ant.
12. Biangular.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll;  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.  
W. E. Henley.

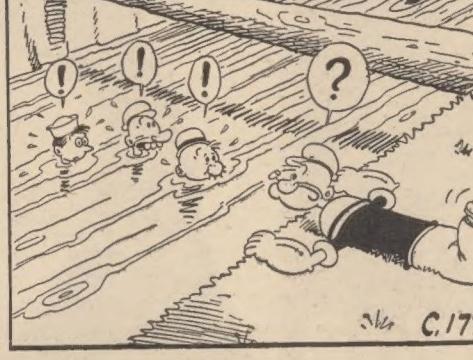
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



C.177.

## GARTH



C.177.

## JUST JAKE



## Why Dutch Auction?

## Asks Robert De Witt

A DOZEN men sat recently in a room of the Poppe Inn, Tatworth, in Somerset, their eyes fixed on the flickering flame of a tiny piece of candle. Suddenly one of them said, "And half-a-crown." There was silence for a bit. Then another said, "And half-a-crown."

These strange proceedings were part of perhaps the most curious auction in the world, when the ownership of seven acres of grassland and watercress beds is decided for the next twelve months. The rules decree that bids may start when an inch of tallow candle is lit and that the last bid made before the flame expires gives the bidder possession of Stowell Mead and the valuable watercress crop for the next year.

The auction is conducted in a room of the ancient inn, behind locked doors and drawn curtains, just as it has been conducted every year for two and a half centuries. Only villagers who are members of the "Stowell Court" are permitted to bid, about twenty in all.

Before the auction they must eat the sale supper at the inn, which—before rationing—consisted of Dorset blue vinny cheese, bread, pickled onions, and watercress from the beds being auctioned.

The candle is placed on a table board and is lit by the Chairman of the Court. Once the auction has been started in this way, complete silence is enforced, except for bids. Anyone who speaks or leaves his chair without the Chairman's permission is fined—generally sixpence.

As the candle burns for about one hour, it must be a considerable strain on the nerves of the bidders, although pots of ale and pipes are permitted.

Any fines are spent on buying beer for the court at the end of the sale. This year, the last bid made just as the candle guttered out was £14 2s. 6d.

In some auctions the bids were silent, no bidder knowing what another had offered—a nerve-racking business! In others, the owner put his reserve price on a piece of paper, which was placed under the candle.

Another ancient method of conducting an auction was to use a sandglass, which was turned after each bid, the article being "knocked down," if no other bid were made before the sand had run through.

This type of auction survives in the annual sale of the right to levy tolls at Burrow Bridge, in Somerset.

By an Act of Parliament more than a hundred years old, it is provided that the Toll must be auctioned with the aid of a minute sandglass, which was turned after each bid, in full view of the bidders.

If the glass is turned three times before another bid is made, the bridge goes for a year to the last bidder.

When the Act was passed the tolls were worth only a small sum a year, but the coming of heavy motor traffic has turned them into a gold mine, and at an auction shortly before the war a bid of £1,450 was successful.

A curiosity of the auction is that the bidding starts each year where it left off the previous year. If no bid equal to this is received, the sale is adjourned for a fortnight.

As a matter of record, the bridge cost £2,000 to build, and must have paid for itself many times in the last hundred years.

The word "auction" comes from the Latin *auctio*, meaning "increase." Auctions were held in Ancient Rome for marriageable women, prisoners of war and military booty. The Praetorian guard particularly liked this form of competition, which led to perhaps the most fantastic auction ever held.

After the murder of Pertinax, the Praetorians announced that the Roman Empire would be auctioned from the ramparts. Julian outbid his competitors and won the Empire!

Although auction means "increase," sales in which the price is constantly reduced are called "Dutch auctions." This custom seems to have originated in Holland.

At any rate, in some of the most up-to-date markets bidding was controlled by a hand passing slowly round a dial, marking a constantly falling price.

When a dealer fancied the price indicated, he pushed a button in front of him and secured the lot, the indicator returning to the top price for the next lot.

A device made it impossible for two dealers to bid at the same price, the electrical connections giving hundredth-of-a-second timing.

Every auction room has its customs. In some, bids are made verbally, in others, notably art auctions, a nod is sufficient to indicate a raise, and only the auctioneer's voice is heard.

These places are dangerous for those who do not know their customs. Everyone has heard the story of the man who blinked at an art auction and found he had bid £10,000 for a picture.

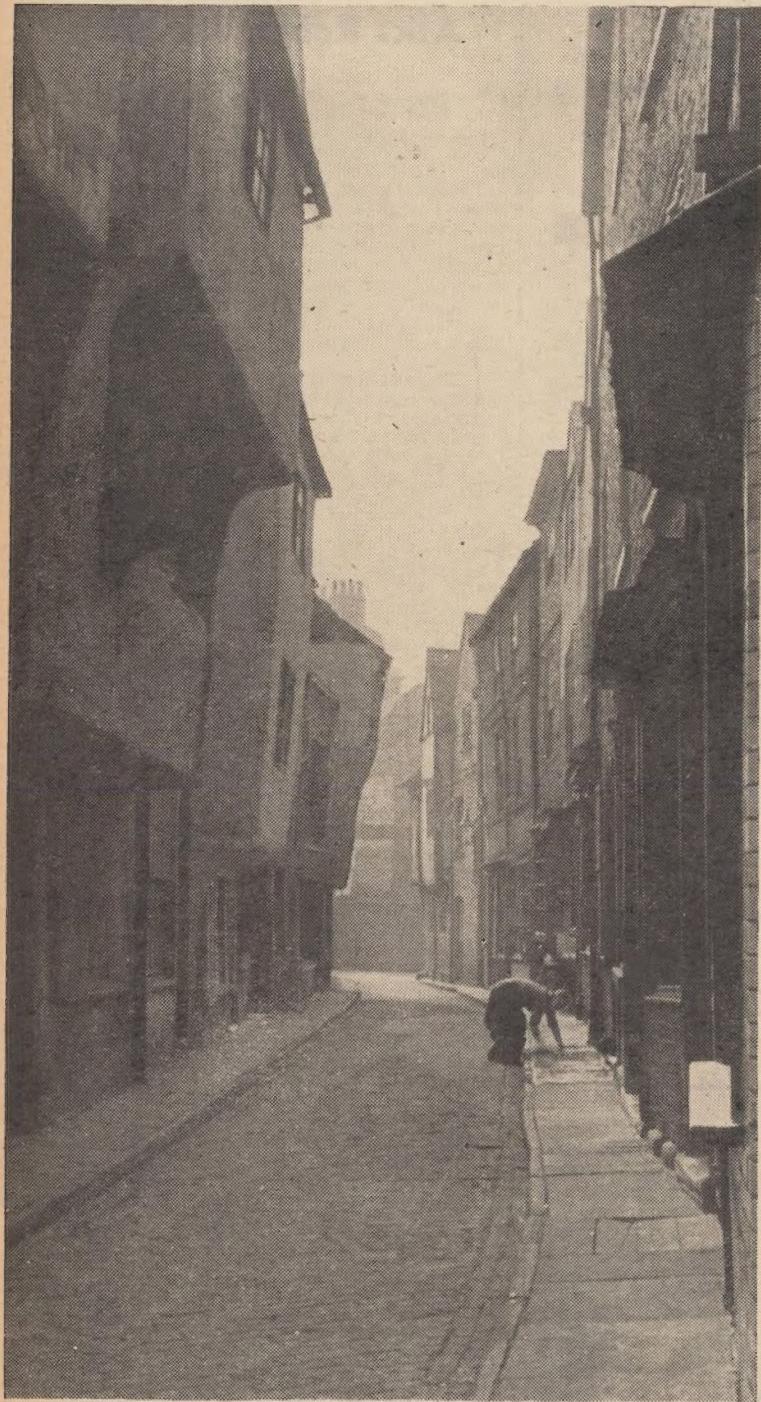
Not everyone knows the true story of a Colonel, who, walking in while a fine set of silver was being sold, was astonished to find the bidding was only at nine pounds, quickly raised it, and congratulated himself on getting a bargain at £10.

Only then did he learn of the custom of selling antique silver "per ounce"—the bid he had made was £10 an ounce—and the set weighed some dozens of ounces!

# Good Morning

## This England

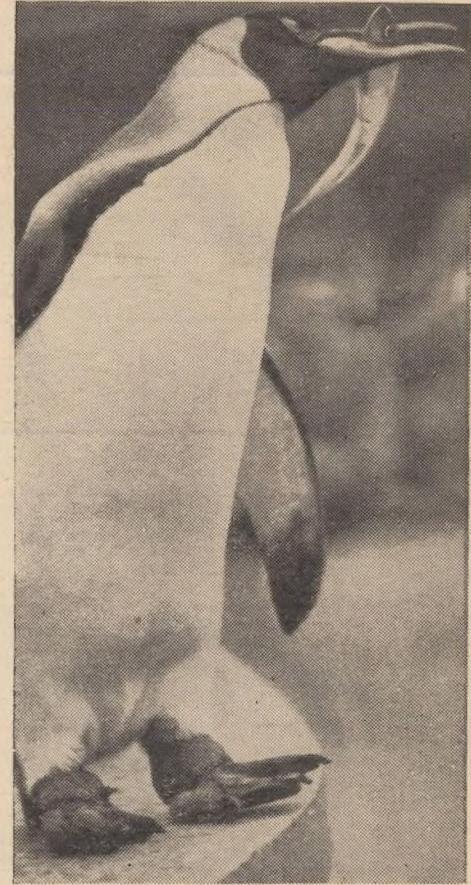
An old street in the ancient section of York City.



20th Century-Fox Star, Mary Anderson, young AND beautiful.



Playtime in the Aquarium, or a game of playbacks between Common Cuttlefish or Squids.



"I may be a spoil-sport, but I don't imagine this little fish will play playbacks any more."



"Hey, mother, for goodness sake let those kids have at least a sip of that milk."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Food for thought, no doubt."

